

COURTSHIP OF LAVALLETTE.
 *** - All my comrades had obtained
 vancement; the General (Bouaparte) wished
 reward me also; but, not willing to expose him-
 self to refusal from Government, he determined
 to bring about a marriage between me and
 Mademoiselle Beaumais. One day, while

had accompanied him to the treasury, to make out the selling off of the sums that were to be paid to the king. He had then, as coachman to drive along the new Boulevard that he might have at his leisure a conversation with the king's chamberlain, a minor job of duty that I must have done for him. I shall marry Eugénie de Beaulieu: she is handsome, and very well educated. Do you know I have from her twice:—General, I have a fortune of 100,000 francs. Africa—I may be killed—what will become of that case, of my poor widow? Besides, I am must not forget my marriage. I shall have children, and the old man will be killed. You certainly may be well. In this case, she will be the widow of one of my officers, and will live in my country. I will have a pension, and may acquire some money. Now she is the daughter of an aristocrat, that nobody will have any wife like her. I shall have a fine house, and she deserves a better life. Certain things must be quickly settled. Tell this moment with his father-in-law about it: it is a matter of honor. I shall take place in eight days—I will allow a fortnight for your honeymoon—you must be there the 30th at St. Julien on the Rhine. It was there the 30th. At last I said, "I will do whatever you please but I will the girl have no more of my own inclinations." He is tired of her boarding-school. It will be unalloyed if the were to go to her mother. During your absence she will live with her father, and you will find her. You will

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post
*Lance on the deck of Amala Island, a small
 and interesting island, aged four years and a half*

Ah! You—! But bidden in eternal sleep,
 The dead behold not when the living weep.

Why do you mourn, man, you dulling dæd,
 Could he not grove the lady's head?

Lew, mauling in the dust,
 The body dies, it is time to love.

Dead reign with Gæky in heaven above,
 Where none can see the living love.

No—no! 'twill slay Gæky here, it must!
 No pain shall rob the soul of rest.

No aching hurt its bond,
 No yet from power do dread its end.

Now ever be riden from its
 The tender parent's hand.

No more the weary land of death,
 Its cruel lips shall kiss its breath.

O cease the eye to mourn,
 No shall be rolling down its frown.

No dreadful message to the heart,
 For pay the happy advance.

O! let no tear be ever shed

thy presence, O heavenly Father,
 In, in the green pasture from care,
 Will your churchmen hear you bless?
 For others I care.
 Ah! lovely flowers, thy blooms in field
 Of sweet corn, and away red.
 They're made beneath the green.
 Your meadows, friends, on earth most dear
 Sisters and brothers, all dear,
 To green is where I care.
 But come to mourn, O! Sisters, dear,
 For none shall you, and I appear
 Beneath the cheering ray.
 One lonely on the grave we care
 To moulder with no kindred clay.
 O! may we reign with God,
 Whom we adore and love to see.
 Written for the Cuckoo
PENCILLING.
 BY MARY ANN.
 Oh! hear ye the sounds of the whistling air!
 The spirit of sweet music is lingering there.
 And virgins are bidding their comrades sigh,
 For they say, and they dance in the clear blue sky.
 Oh! hear ye the strains as it murmurs along,
 The music of love and the music of song.

Old! hear ye the clash of weapons of war,
And, groans, and the death-cries that burst from men
'Tis the music of battle, the rush of the leviathan,
Their kindred, their friends, and their countrymen—
Old! hear ye the numbers that swell from above!
The angels are telling of Heavenly love,
And the song is as sweeten from that pure land,
Is the soul of sweet music—the spirit of God's hand.

Answer.

Soloist, the sage of Sparta, inquired of *Al*,
What was Jupiter's employment—what was
regular daily business in the skies? "To hunt
those that are elevated, and elevate those
who are humble!" said the Fabulist.

Answer.

Ambition is like choler, which makes men
tiresome, forward, and blustering if in the next stop
they don't stand it to be elevated, and vaunted
yet to take a soldier without ambition would
to pull off his spurs.

The Pittsburgh Mercury relates, that on the instant, a skiff containing nine persons, was cruised in the Monongahela river, five of which were drowned. The accident was occasioned by the unskillfulness of the gentleman having the oars. In endeavoring to recover one he had dropped, the skiff dipped, which, creating a list among the ladies, caused them to incline their weight on the other side, by which it was overturned. The names of the persons drowned were—Mr. and Mrs. Lowe and child, Miss Brookhart, and Mrs. Clarke. They were all natives of England.

It is a splendid piece, the crossing of the Alps by Bonaparte's army, is one of the stage scenes we have ever witnessed. Philadelphia Band show to great advantage this piece.

The New York Bowery theatre is to be opened on Monday evening, under the management of Mr. Hamblin. Mr. Booth, Mr. Bland, and Miss Vincent are engaged.

Anderson, the unfortunate player, has slashed another card, addressed to the Grub-street press, and begged forgiveness for his error.

He states his intention to ride to England shortly, but that he wishes to be reconciled with the Americans first.

The body of a man was found in this Delaware, above Trenton, on the 4th. Name unknown; about five feet seven inches high, apparently heavy set; and on his forehead—warmly clad, in a suit of cloth, with boots and no stockings on his feet—were the letters S. H. on the tail, a small box with S. H. marked on the lid—quantity of tickets in the Canal Lottery; twenty-eight cents in his pocket. This may list his friends he has any in this country, that an inquiry held over him, and their verdict was: He was buried in a decent manner, in known by the name of Hankington's

The Hartford (Ct.) Mirror states that on the 20th of August, 1890, a party of about 100 persons, including a small amount and shoe, taking a walk on the shore of Lake Umbagog, near the village of North Ferrisburgh, were almost all killed and burned on a succession of falling trees and circumstances appear to justify the supposition that the party were the victims of a forest fire.

The fire of the thirteenth of New Year, is given as having cost \$100,000.

The *American Republic* states that "the people of the United States are to be congratulated for free negroes and colored people." It is stated that the colored people of the United States are to be congratulated for free negroes and colored people.

In Connecticut, the number of permanent residents is estimated to be 100,000.

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Or, A JUMP FROM THE
 CLIFFS.
 Mr. Barker. Columbus.
 After which we have a New Yorker Story, written
 by that city called "Napoleon's Vision of the
 Hill."
 To conclude with the Fare of
 ROBERT THIEVES.
 Mrs. Vincent's Benefit on
 CHESNUT STREET T

FOR REFERRING JAN. 17
 Will be presented, the grand lecture
 NAPOLEON.
 The evening's entertainment to be
 St. Patrick's Day.
 Written by Sheridan, order of the Soc

THEATRE.

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and for Scandi

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